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# NEW YORK SATURDAY JOURNAL

## Saturday Journal

### STAR

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"Let 'em surround me! I feel wolfish to-day and I think it'll do me good to let off some of my extra steam among 'em."

### LIGHTNING JO; OR, The Terror of the Santa Fe Trail.

A TALE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS,

Author of "Old Grizzly, the Bear-Tamer," "The Phantom Princess," etc.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE CRY FOR HELP!

"To the commandant at Fort Adams: For God's sake send us help at once. We have been fighting the Comanches for two days; half our men are killed and wounded, and we can not hold out much longer. But we have women and children with us, and we shall fight to the last and die game. Send help without an hour's delay, or it's all up."

J. T. SHIELDS."

Covered with dust, and reeking with sweat, with bloody nostril and dilated eye, the black mustang thundered up to the gate of the fort, staggered as if drunken, and then with a wheezing moan, shivered from nose to hoof, and with an awful cry, like that of a dying person, his flanks heaved and he dropped dead to the ground, his lithe, sinewy rider leaping from the saddle, just in time to escape being crushed to death.

Scarcely less frightful and alarming was the appearance of the horseman, so covered with dust and grime, that no one could tell whether he was Indian, African or Caucasian;

"When was this written?" he asked, of the dust begrimed courier.

"At daybreak this morning," was the prompt reply.

"How far away are your friends?"

"Forty miles as the crow flies, and I have never drawn rein since my horse started, till he fell dead just outside the gate."

"How many men are there in this fix?"

"There were twenty men, and a dozen women and children. When I left, about half that number were alive, and whether any are still living, God only knows; I don't know."

"I hope it is not as bad as that," said the colonel, again glancing at the paper, and involuntarily sighing, for despite his schooling upon the frontier, he felt keenly the anguish of this wail, that was borne to him across the sad prairie. "Not as bad as that, I trust; for if they have held out two days, we may hope that they are able to hold out still longer. But how is it that you succeeded in reaching us, when they could not?"

Feeling that some explanation was expected of him, the messenger spoke hurriedly, but as calmly as possible:

"Twenty of us were conveying a party of women and children—the families of merchants and officers at Santa Fe—through the Indian country, on our way to that city, when the Comanches came down on us, in a swarm of hundreds, and finding there was no escaping a fight, we ran our wagons in a circle, shut the women and horses inside, and then it seemed as if hell was let loose upon us. Yelling, shouting, screaming, charging was kept up all that day into the night. We picked off the red devils with every shot, but the more we killed the

thicker they came, seeming to spring up from the very ground, until the prairie was covered with them. At night we had a little rest, and we thought perhaps they would draw off and let us alone. Why they didn't make a charge upon our camp that night, I can not tell; but they only sent in a few stray shots, more than one of which was fatal, and at daylight the fun began again, and never stopped till the sun went down, when there wasn't much of a pause then. That was yesterday, and we had it all through the night, and since we halted the day before yesterday, there hasn't been a drop of water for horse, man, woman or child, so that you can see what an awful strait they are in."

By this time quite a group had gathered about the messenger, enchain'd by the thrilling tale he told, the truth of which was so eloquently attested by his manner and appearance.

"But you haven't told us how you got here," reminded the colonel, as the man paused for a moment. "You have succeeded at least in insuring your safety."

"We made up our minds about midnight last night that something of the kind had to be done, as it was our only hope. Two of our men tried to steal through, crawling on hands and knees, but both were caught within a hundred yards of the camp—one shot dead, and the other so badly tomahawked, that he died within an hour of getting back to us. So I told Shields to let me have my mustang, which is the fleetest creature on the plains, and I would either get through or do as the others did. So, just about daybreak, I crammed that slip of paper in the side of my shoe, stretched out flat on the mustang's back and give him the word.

Away he went like a thunderbolt, with the rifles cracking all about my ears, and the Comanches thundering down upon me like so many bloodhounds. I felt more than one bullet in my legs, and I knew the horse was hurt pretty bad—it didn't hinder his going, and the noble fellow kept straight along till he brought me here. But you act as if you didn't know me."

"Know you?" repeated the amazed colonel. "I never saw you before."

#### CHAPTER II.

##### THE ANSWER.

The powdered, begrimed face was seen to expand into something like a grin, and raising his hand, the courier literally scraped the dust from his cheeks and eyebrows, and then, as he removed his hat, a general exclamation of amazement escaped all.

"Jim Gibbons! is it you?" called out the commandant, as he recognized a man who had been employed at his fort a year before. "I thought your voice had a familiar sound, but then your own mother would not have recognized you."

"But come," added Gibbons, moving about uneasily, "we'll talk over this matter some other time. I've brought you the message, colonel," he added, making a graceful military salute. "I had heard in St. Louis that you had been sent to another command, else I would have known whom to ask for. Now, can you help us or not?"

The officer folded his arms behind his back and walked slowly over the parapet, signifying by a nod of his head, that Gibbons should do the same.

"I must help you," he said, in a low voice; "such a call as that can not pass unheeded. But Jim, you see my fix. We ought to have a full regiment to garrison this fort, and the Government allows me but six hundred. Two hundred of these men are on a scout up toward the mountains, and won't be in till dark. Do you know there is some reason to fear an attack upon the fort, from a combination of several tribes under the direction of the infernal Comanche, Swico-Cheque?"

"Why he is at the head of the devils that have our friends walled in. I know him too well, and have seen him a dozen times, circling around on his horse, yelling like a thousand panthers, and firing about a dozen shots a minute. I have fired at him five or six times, but never grazed him once."

"Well, I think it is more than likely that we shall have an attack from him. Now, you know something of life on the plains; tell me how many men you need to bring your friends into the fort."

"We ought to have a hundred, at the least."

"You ought to have five hundred, at the smallest calculation. I tell you the Indians in this part of the country are among the best fighters and hunters in the world, and if I send a hundred men out into the country, where they are sure to come against old Swico and his band, the chances are that they will all be served as were Colonel Fetterman's men at Fort Phil Kearney, a month or two ago. You know that over a hundred of them went out, and never a one was ever seen alive again."

"But, if I understand that matter right," replied Gibbons, who was becoming impatient and uneasy at the delay, "these men were entrapped and massacred; I don't think there is any likelihood of that in our case. But, colonel, pardon me; I wish to know your decision, either the one way or the other, at once. If you conclude that you can not spare a hundred men to go forty miles away to help this party, then let me have a fresh horse. I will return, sail in and go under with the rest."

And Gibbons attested the earnestness of what he said, by starting to move away; but Colonel Greaves caught his arm.

"Hold on! you shall have the men you need. I have been trying ever since I heard your story to decide whether I ought to risk the safety of a hundred men to save one-tenth that number; but I can't think. It seems to me that I hear the wailing cry of those women and children coming over the prairie, and if I should turn my back upon them, their voices and moans would follow me ever afterward in my waking and sleeping hours. Yes, Jim, you shall have the hundred men. I will lead them myself, and we will make hot work in that gulf before we get through."

The colonel, having made his decision, did not hesitate for a moment. Turning sharply upon his heel, he beckoned to his adjutant, and gave him peremptory orders to make ready a hundred men for a scout into the Indian country. They were to be armed with rifle, revolver, and cavalry swords, and to be mounted on the best horses at the fort.

As he turned about to say a few words to Gibbons, he saw the tears making furrows down his grimy cheeks. He attempted to speak, but for a few seconds was unable to articulate. Taking the hand of the colonel, he finally said, in a choking voice:

"I thank you, colonel, and God grant that this may not be too late. Oh, if you could have seen those pleading faces of the women, those cries of the helpless children for one swallow of water, the dead bodies of the men, that we had drawn in behind the wagons out of reach of the red-skins, and the screeching devils all around, you would send your whole garrison to their rescue. Where is Lightning Jo?"

"He went out with the scouting-party this morning, and that is what caused me to hesitate about sending the company to the help of your friends. I always feel

tolerably comfortable when I know that he is at the head of the men."

While the bustle of hurried preparation was going on within the fort, Gibbons accompanied the colonel to his lodgings, where he washed the dust from his person, partook of water and refreshments, and explained more in detail the particulars of the misfortune of his friends. He was equally desirous that the wonderful scout, Lightning Jo, should lead the party, as he was a host of himself, and having lived from earliest childhood in the south-west, he was as thorough an Indian as the great chieftain Swico-Cheque himself, and the daring Comanches held him in greater terror than any other living personage.

But the case was one that admitted of no delay—even if it was certain that Jo would be at the end of an hour. Half that time might decide the fate of the little Spartan band struggling so bravely in Dead Man's Gulch, and the release of the beleaguered ones was now the question above all others.

It required but a very short time for the party to complete their preparations. Out of the seemingly inextricable confusion of stamping horses, and men running hither and thither, all at once appeared full one hundred men, mounted, armed and officered precisely as they had been directed.

An orderly stood holding the horse of Colonel Greaves, until he was ready to mount, while another was at Gibbons' disposal.

The next moment the two latter had leaped into their saddles, and placing themselves at the head of the cavalcade, rode out of the stockade upon the open prairie, which had scarcely been done, when a new and most gratifying surprise awaited them. The march was instantly halted, and the face of Colonel Greaves and of Gibbons lit up with pleasure.

### CHAPTER III.

#### LIGHTNING JO.

THAT which arrested the attention of the company riding out of the stockade of Fort Adams, was the sight of another party of horsemen coming through a range of hills about half a mile distant, one glance only being sufficient to identify them as the scouts already referred to as being under the guidance and leadership of the great western celebrity, Lightning Jo.

"Now, that's what I call lucky," exclaimed Colonel Greaves. "Jo is the very man of all others that we need."

The horsemen rode down the declivity at an easy gallop, and shortly reined up in front of the stockade, with a graceful salute, and an action that indicated that he awaited the commands of his superior officer.

The scouts, or hunters, had turned their time to good account, as was shown by a number of buffalo carcasses, or rather the choice portions of such, supported across the saddles of their animals; the appearance of the beasts, too, indicated that many of them had been subjected to the hardest kind of riding.

A few words explained to Lightning Jo the business about to be undertaken, and he at once assumed his position as leader of the company that had just prepared to start, the colonel withdrawing into the fort again, where it was his manifest duty to remain, while the desperate attempt to relieve the beleaguered party in Dead Man's Gulch was being made.

The scout did not take a fresh horse, and when pressed to do so, he declared that his mustang was as capable of a fifty miles' tramp, as he was upon the morning he started upon the hunt from which he had just returned.

"Come, boys! business is business," said he, in his crisp, sharp tone, as his steed carried him by one or two bounds to the head of the cavalcade he was to lead. "Come, Gibbons, keep yer place alongside me, and you can explain as we ride along."

And so the company of brave men galloped to the southward on their errand of mercy, each man a hero, and all with set teeth and an unalterable determination in their hearts to do all that mortal man could do to save the despairing little band that had sent its wail of anguish across the prairie, we will improve the occasion by glancing at the remarkable man who acted as their leader.

Lightning Jo had gained his appellation from the wonderful quickness of his movements, and his almost miraculous skill as a scout. His celerity of movement was incredible, while his equally astonishing strength excited the wonder of the most famous bordermen of the day. It was a well-established fact that Lightning Jo, a couple of years before, at Fort Laramie, had been forced into a personal encounter with a badgering pugilist, who was on his return to the States from California, and who had the reputation of being one of the most scientific fighters that had ever entered the prize ring, and who on the occasion referred to was so completely polished off by Jo, that he lay a month at the fort before he recovered from his injuries.

It was said, and there was every reason to believe it, that he was capable of running miles with the speed of the swiftest mustang of the prairie; that he had traversed the Llano Estacado back and forth, times without number, on foot, passing through the very heart of the Comanche country, without any attempt to disguise himself, or conceal his identity in any way; and yet there was not a mark upon his person to attest the dangers through which he had passed scathless and unharmed.

His horsemanship was perfect in its way, and no living Comanche—the most wonderful riders of the Western Continent—had been known to exceed, and very few to equal him. For the amusement of those gathered at some of the posts which he had visited, he had ridden his mustang at full speed and bare-back, throwing himself from one side to the other, and firing from beneath the neck or belly of the animal, picking up his hat from the earth when galloping at the same headlong rate, striking a match upon a stone on the ground and carrying the blaze lighted in his hand. He had thrown the lasso, with such skill, as to catch the hoof of the plumping buffalo, and then by a flit of the rope, flung the kicking brute flat upon his side, as the daring rider thundered past, and slapped his hat in the eyes of the terrified animal. He could fling the coil with the unerring certainty of a rifle-shot, and would manipulate the rope into as many fantastical convolutions as a Chinese conjurer.

His prowess with the rifle was equally marked, and the tales of his achievements with his favorite weapon were so incredible in many instances, that we would not be believed were we to repeat them. He carried a long, murderous-looking weapon, the mountings of which were of solid silver, and

had been presented to him by one of his many friends, whom he had been the instrument of saving.

At the home of his old mother at Santa Fe—the only living relative he had upon earth—he had rifles, swords, guns and every manner of weapon, of the most costly and valuable nature, that had been given him by grateful friends. His revered parent during his absence was literally overwhelmed with attentions and kindnesses by virtue of her relationship to Lightning Jo, the scout and guide who had proved such a blessing to the settlers of, and travelers through the West.

The hero was about thirty years of age, slim and tall to attenuation, with high cheekbones, eyes of midnight blackness that snapped fire when he was roused, and long hair, as stiff, wiry and black as the tail of his mustang. His countenance was swarthy, and with a little "touching up" he might have deceived Swico himself into the belief that he was one of his own warriors. This was the more easy as Jo spoke the Comanche tongue with the fluency of a genuine member of that warlike tribe; but he scorned such suggestions when made to him, declaring that he was able to take care of himself anywhere and in any crowd, no matter who were his friends or who were his enemies, an assertion which no one dared to dispute in a practical way.

Looking at his profile as he rode along over the prairie at a sweeping gallop, it would have been seen that his nose was large, thin and sharp, the chin rather prominent, and the lips thin. The mouth was rather large, and the upper lip was shaded by a thin, silky mustache of the same jetty hue as his eyes. The rest of his face was totally devoid of beard, except a little furze in front of his ears. He had never used the razor, nor did he expect to do so.

Of course he sat his horse like a centaur, and as he rode along, those keen, restless eyes of his wandered and roved from side to side, almost unconsciously on his part, as he was ever on the alert for the first appearance of danger. Such in brief were a few of the noticeable points of the great scout, Lightning Jo, who was a leader of the party of rescue, and who is to play such a prominent part in the thrilling events we are about to narrate.

As he rode beside Gibbons, whose anxiety was of the most intense character, and who could not avoid giving frequent expression to it, the scout at length said:

"Just stop that 'ere fanning of yours, now, Gib, 'cause it don't pay; don't you see we're all stretching out on that 'ere forty miles, just as fast as horse-flesh kin stand it? Wal, that being so, where's the use of fuming?"

"I know, Jo, but how can a person help it when he knows not whether his friends are dead or alive? There is philosophy in your advice about whining and complaining, and it reminds me of one of the members of the party—a young lady, whose disposition had something heavenly in it."

"Who was she?" asked the scout, in an indifferent way.

"Her name, I believe, was Manning—Lizzie Manning."

"What!" exclaimed Lightning Jo, almost bounding from his saddle, "is she there, in that infernal place? How in the name of Heaven did she get there?"

"She was one of the party that left St. Louis, and of course shared our dangers the same as all."

"The sweetest, purest, best little piece of calico that has been heard," repeated the scout to himself. "God save her, for she's worth all the rest. Come, boys," he called out to those behind him, "ride your horses as you never rid 'em afore. I'd dash through fire, water, smoke, brimstone and blazes, to save that gal!"

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE PARTY IN DEAD MAN'S GULCH.

LEAVING Lightning Jo and his party riding at a tremendous rate over the prairie to the rescue of the sorely beleaguered company in Dead Man's Gulch, we must preface him for awhile to that terrible spot, where one of the most dreadful tragedies of the many there enacted was going on.

The party, numbering over thirty, two-thirds of whom were hardened, bronzed hunters, had been driven tumultuously into the place by the sudden appearance of the notorious Swico Cheque and his band, where they had barely time to throw their men and horses into the roughest attitude of defense, when they were called upon to fight the screeching Comanches, in one of the most murderous and desperate hand-to-hand encounters in which they had ever been engaged.

Our readers have already learned, from the hurried words of Gibbons, something of the experience of the beleaguered whites during the two days and nights immediately following the halt, and preceding his own departure, and it is not our purpose to weary them and harrow their feelings by relating of the horrible incidents of that stubborn fight.

When Jim Gibbons, hugging the neck of his mustang, dashed at full speed through the lines of the Comanches, he left behind him ten able-bodied men, or, more properly, ten who were still able to load, aim and fire their rifles. More than that number lay scattered around, among the wagons, on the ground, in every position, killed by the bullets of the wonderful red riders and riflemen.

The wagons, as is the practice at such times, had been run together into an irregular circle, one being placed in the center (as the safest spot), into which the women and children were tumbled, and where, for the time, they were safe from the bullets that were rattling like sleet around them, and striking down their brave defenders upon every hand.

This done, the men devoted themselves to keeping back the swarming devils, that made a perfect realization of pandemonium as they circled about the doomed band.

In what way Dead Man's Gulch gained its name no one can tell with any certainty, but most probably from the number of massacres and deaths that had taken place within its horrid precincts. It was simply a hollow, somewhat resembling the dried-up bed of a small lake, and, instead of being properly a gulch, was more like a basin, so that to enter it from any direction, one was compelled to descend quite a slope.

The trail which the party were following led directly through the center of this place, it being by far the most feasible route, in spite of the ascent and descent, on account of the broken nature of the country both to the north and south.

Dead Man's Gulch, occupying an area of several acres, was strewn and covered with

bones, as if indeed it were the site of some ancient catacomb, that had been rent in twain by some convulsion of nature.

A slight examination would have shown that these bones were those of horses and human beings, telling in most eloquent language to the beleaguered whites that the fate which threatened them was that which had overtaken many a one before them.

Dead Man's Gulch indeed was a favorite point for the Comanches, who were always roving the prairies in search of such bands as these, and it was consequently well known and dreaded by all who were compelled to make the journey; and the scene to which we now direct the attention of the reader was, as we have shown, but a repetition of what had been enacted there time and again without number.

The first day's fight was especially destructive upon the horses, it being found almost impossible to shelter them from the aim of the Comanches. As a consequence, the second morning found but few of these indispensable requisites in a journey of this kind. Those that had escaped, however, were secured and sheltered in such a way as to keep them from the other bullets that endeavored to seek them out.

Captain Shields, a sturdy borderer, and a man who had crossed the plains a score of times, suspected from the first that the only possible hope for his company was for some one to get through the Comanche lines to Fort Adams, and that was the reason why he so carefully protected the two or three remaining mustangs from death.

This, as a matter of course, was the last desperate resort, and was only to be attempted when it was absolutely certain that nothing else could avail.

His first hope was that by a determined and deadly resistance he could convince the red-skins that it would not pay to keep up the contest, for the warlike Comanches have the reputation of possessing discretion as well as bravery; but, in the present case, they certainly were warranted in concluding that they had the game in their own hands, and, despite the murderous replies of the whites, they refused to be driven away, and kept up a driving fire, circling round and round the hills above, and preventing any attempts of the whites to move out.

For some time Captain Shields and his men fired from behind their horses and wagons, but they soon improved on this, and taking their positions in the wagons themselves, found that they were quite well able to pick off the assailants, while they were tolerably well protected from the return fire, the red-skins being compelled to fire more at random.

And lying in this posture, they were compelled to see the remaining horses shot down, excepting the single one upon which Jim Gibbons made his escape.

And thus the fight—of itself one of the most bitter and sanguinary among the thousand and one of the West—raged, and as it raged there were exhibited some of the most daring performances upon both sides, and among them all was no lofier nor higher-souled courage than that of our heroine—the young and beautiful Lizzie Manning of Santa Fe.

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE PARTY OF RESCUE.

THE sun was past the meridian, when the hundred men, under the command of Lightning Jo, left Fort Adams and struck out in almost a due southerly direction.

It required sharp riding to reach Dead Man's Gulch by nightfall; but all had strong hopes of doing so, as it was summer-time, and a goodly number of hours yet remained at their command, while their mustangs were toughened and fleet, and they were now put to the full test of their endurance.

Lightning Jo knew very well the location of the fatal gulch, and although he did not say as much, yet he had very little hope of reaching it in time to be of any earthly use to the poor wretches crammed up there and fighting so desperately for life.

Swico could not fail to know the meaning of the flight of Gibbons through his lines. He must know that he was making all haste to Fort Adams for succor, and that, if he did not speedily complete the awful business he had taken in hand, without much longer delay, the chances were that he would be disputed and compelled to fight a third party.

The prairie continued quite level, with dry grass that did not prevent a cloud of dust arising from the hoofs of the horses. The plain was broken here and there by ridges and hills, some of the latter of considerable elevation. Between these the rescuing parties were compelled frequently to pass, some of them being so close together that the thought of an ambuscade was instantly suggested to the mind of every one.

But Jo was not the man to go it blind into any contrivance that the red-skins might set to entrap him, and his practiced eye made certain that all was right before he exposed his brave men to such danger.

He was rather expecting some flank movement upon the part of his old enemy, but he was disposed to believe that, whatever plan he adopted, he would not "try it on" until the whites reached the vicinity of Dead Man's Gulch.

"Mebbe he's got things fixed to tumble us in there too," he thought to himself; "and mebbe if he has, he'll find his flint will miss fire."

The company galloped steadily forward until something like three-fourths of the distance was passed, and the sun was low in the west. They were riding along at the same rattling pace, all on the alert for signs of their enemies, and they were just "rising" a swell of moderate elevation, flanked on both sides by still higher hills, when the peremptory voice of Lightning Jo was heard, ordering a halt.

The command was obeyed with extraordinary precision, and every man knew as if by instinct that trouble was at hand. Naturally enough their eyes were turned toward the hills, as if expecting to see a band of Comanches swarming down upon them, and in imagination they heard the blood-curdling yell, as they poured tumultuously over the elevations, exulting in the woe of death at their hands.

But all was still, nor could they detect any thing to warrant fear, although the manner of Lightning Jo indicated clearly that such was the case.

He did not keep them long in suspense.

"Some of the Comanches are there," remarked Lightning Jo, in his offhand manner; "whether old Swico himself is among 'em or not, I can't say till I go forward and find out. Keep your guns and pistols ready, for there may be a thousand of 'em down on ye afore ye know it."

And with this parting salutation, or rather warning, the scout started his horse on a gallop, straight toward the rise, as though he purposed to ride directly through the hills already mentioned. But seemingly on the very point of entering, he turned his mustang sharply to one side, and instead of passing between, circled around the hill upon his right.

All this time he sat as erect and proud in his saddle as though he were approaching the stockade of the fort, which he had made his head-quarters for so many years.

The cavalymen, as a matter of course, scrutinized his movements with the intensest interest.

"How easy for a stray shot to tumble him out of his saddle!" was the reflection of nearly every one watching the daring soldier.

This action of Lightning Jo speedily carried him over a portion of the ridge, and out of sight of the horsemen, who could only surmise what was going on beyond.

Indeed it had. The scout had detected all-convincing signs of the presence of his old enemies upon the hill, and the simple artifice of turning aside, at the last moment, had given him the advantage of flanking his foes, and coming upon them from altogether an unexpected quarter.

As he passed over the ridge, Jo saw about twenty Comanche Indians sitting quietly upon their horses, and in a position that indicated that they were composedly expecting the appearance of their prey from another quarter. Instead of turning to flee, the scout saluted them in his customary manner by bringing up his rifle, and boring a hole through the skull of one of the astonished red-skins, before the rest really suspected what was going on.

"Tahoo—oo!" called out Jo, as he witnessed the success of his shot, and he followed it up with another yell that was peculiarly his own, and which was so impossible of imitation that he was known by it from Arizona to Mexico.

The Comanches were not men of wood to sit still upon their animals, and remain targets for one of the most skillful riflemen living.

Identifying their assailant by means of his yell, they instantly scattered, as if a bombshell had landed among them, and they scampered down the other side of an adjoining hill, and out of sight of Jo, carrying their fallen comrade with them.

This, it would seem, ought to have satisfied the scout, but it did not. He suspected that a larger party of Indians was in the neighborhood, and determined to make sure before returning to his men.

The actions of the Comanches seemed to indicate that they were about making an attempt to surround him, and he made ready to guard against it.

"Let 'em surround me! I feel wolfish to-day, and I think it'll do me good to let off some of my extra steam among 'em."

He gazed furtively over his shoulder, nevertheless, for he had no wish to be taken off his guard, in such a desperate encounter as this was certain to prove, in case of a collision occurring.

His mustang stepped very carefully, with his head raised and his ears pricked, for he fully felt the delicacy of the situation, and knew that at any moment they were liable to be enveloped by a horde of their enemies.

The sagacity of the horse was the first to give notice of the approach of danger.

The mulatto was a man of no ordinary mind. It had been his misfortune to be born a slave, and it was his superior intellect, chafing at the ignoble lot, that had made him a fugitive. The exercise of this intellect had already enabled him to mislead the prairie pirates, making them believe he was contented to remain with them as their *chef de cuisine*.

While ostensibly engrossed with his new duties, he had been eagerly listening to their conversation. From it he had gathered enough to give him an idea of what they had done to his fellow-prisoner; and he was not without hope of being able to escape from the robbers' camp in time to release him.

Thus hoping, he stuck to his simple story, a Colt's revolver held to his head, its cold steel touching his tawny skin.

The test satisfied Borrasse, who gave over confessing him.

The sun was now down, the moon up; but no Phil Quantrell—no captives!

The chief of the prairie pirates, at first only impatient at being so long kept from having white arms around him, was becoming anxious and alarmed.

Calling his associates from their cups, he communicated his apprehensions, and proposed that a party should go back over the plain in search of their missing comrades.

But the robbers were now too far gone in drink. Their chief no longer commanded them. They did not care either for Phil Quantrell, or the captives committed to his charge. And as to the danger of their being pursued by the soury colonists, why, let them pursue if they chose. There was n't the slightest likelihood of such greenhorns being able to track them across the upper plain. Besides, they wouldn't dare venture so far, believing them to be Indians. Bah! They were safe enough; they were enjoying themselves. Let Phil Quantrell and the girls go to the deuce!

With these and other like speeches was Borrasse's proposal met. Drink had made his men mutinous and disregardful of their duty, as of him.

He grew angry, roared like an infuriated bear, and threatened to quarrel with them. But they were all against him, and he saw it was no use attempting extreme measures.

In the morning, they said, they would assist him in the search—go anywhere he wished—but that night they must make merry and drink—drink!

Borrasse had to yield.

To drown his chagrin he joined them in their revelry, and drank deeply as any.

The debauch ended by one and all becoming thoroughly intoxicated, each staggering as he best could to a place of repose.

Some found their way inside the tents; others dropped down where they were, falling asleep *sub Jove*, or under the shadow of the pecans.

#### CHAPTER XC.

##### A BRACE OF HALF-BREEDS.

As the roysterous robbers, one after another, succumbed to the strong drink and rolled over asleep, so one after another the lights of the encampment became wasted and went out. One only continued burning; this inside a small tent, standing some distance apart from the rest.

Two men were its occupants, both still awake and yet carousing. They were both men of mixed blood, though of races quite different. The one was half-Saxon, half-African; the other was in like proportions Spaniard and Indian. They were the mulatto Jupiter and the mestizo Fernando.

They had been a long time over their cups, and to all appearance both had drunk deeply, since they talked and acted as if far advanced toward a state of intoxication. For all this, they were still quite sober, both of them, each believing the other to be drunk.

Though thus mutually mistaken about one another's condition, each knew why he was not himself intoxicated. The grass forming a litter over the tent floor could have told why. It had been dry at the commencement of their carousal; but now, at a late hour, after the prairie pirates had gone to rest, it was saturated in a spot between the feet of both, where glass after glass of strong liquor had been split; not accidentally, but with design, and surreptitiously, the men who thus poured it out concealing the act from one another.

In the mutual deception each had his object. That of the mulatto was to get the mestizo drunk, in order that he might himself take his departure, for purposes already known; while the latter, having suspicion of this design, was keeping sober to thwart it.

As the time passed on, and drink after drink appeared to be swallowed, Jupiter began to despair. He had never met with a man who could stand so much liquor without showing it as he with whom he had been so long hobnobbing.

What could it mean?

Was the mestizo's stomach coated with steel, and his head lined with iron?

Perhaps his drinking companion would be making the same inquiry about him? And he might also have been doing the same?

As soon as this suspicion crossed the mind of the mulatto he determined to watch the movements of the mestizo.

He was not long before discovering a clue to the mystery, and why his *conscience* was keeping sober as himself.

With eyes turned toward the entrance of the tent, but twisted askant, he saw the latter stealthily spilling his liquor.

The action was significant. There could be no doubt that he himself was being watched and guarded.

But the moment before he had believed himself sure of escape. Drunkenness had disengaged him of the others. But here was one taking care not to get drunk; still watchful as a wolf or watch-dog!

How was he to get rid of this vigilant sentinel?

There was a way—only one. At least, there seemed but one. The eyes of the fugitive slave sparkled with a strange light as he thought of it. It was the lurid gleam that speaks of an intention to kill.

It came after reflection, but quick, telling him he must either kill or lose all he was trying to gain; perhaps he himself killed.

Almost as quick was the action that followed. Detecting his drinking companion as he poured out the liquor, he stooped toward him with a laugh, inquiring why he was practicing the trick.

As the interrogator entered the mestizo's ear the blade of a bowie-knife went through his heart, and he fell dead upon the floor of the tent, without uttering even a groan.

The robbers remained buried in slumber, wholly unconscious of the tragical incident that had taken place so near them.

Amid their snores and loud, stertorous breathing, the mulatto glided gently and silently out from among the tents, and as silently made his way to the inclosure where the horses were kept.

Pronouncing some words in an undertone, one of the animals, separating from the rest, came up, allowing him to take hold of its forelock. It was the horse that belonged to Charles Clancy, which the robbers had taken from him.

Jupiter had not caught the horse without a purpose. Over his left arm he carried a saddle and bridle. The saddle was soon upon the animal's back, and the bridle bit between its teeth.

The corral was inclosed by the usual zigzag fence of roughly-split rails, its entrance being a set of bars. To the old Mississippi slave these were familiar things, and he understood their manipulation.

The bars were gently let down, and as gently was the horse led through the opening.

There was no disturbance—no noise of any kind—not even when the fugitive, with a knife he had surreptitiously taken from one of the tents, cut the string that tied Clancy's horse to a tree, and set the animal free. The dog, like himself, seemed instinctively to know there was a necessity for silence.

And while the drunken robbers lay slumbering and snoring, the mulatto rode off from their midst, with a gun upon his shoulder, a pistol in his belt, a bowie-knife hanging against his hip, and a hound following at his horse's heels.

*To be continued—continued in No. 97.*

*We shall soon commence, in these columns, a story of unequalled interest, and originality, by Frederick Whitaker, who is now so great a favorite. It is called "DOUBBLE DEATH; OR, THE SIX QUEENS OF WYOMING; A Romance of the Revolution," which, in many respects, must be regarded as one of the finest literary performances since the days of Cooper's celebrated "Spy."*

#### HAWKEYE HARRY, THE Young Trapper Ranger:

##### THE MYSTERY OF THE WOOD.

BY OLL COOMES,  
AUTHOR OF THE "BOY SPY," "BOY CHIEF," ETC.

##### CHAPTER XVII.

###### BEARDING THE LION.

NIGHT passed away and the sun of another day dawned upon the village of Black Buffalo. Still the cunning Sioux knew naught of the foe that was environing their town, for all they were vigilant and scouts were constantly on the move.

Close to the edge of the stream, that divided the wooded bluffs and great prairie, stood the lodge of Black Buffalo. Upon the south side of the stream was a steep, precipitous bank that guarded well the approach from that direction. In a semicircle around the chief's lodge, touching the stream above and below, the wigwams of the tribe were built with no little precision.

The chief's lodge was well guarded and he had no fear of danger, for a foe could not approach from the south, nor could he pass the line of *wick-e-ups* without being seen.

At an early hour on the morning in question, five men took their departure from the Indian town. They were Henri Roche and his men, starting back for the contents of the chest they had buried upon the banks of the Boyer.

The chief found himself alone in his lodge soon after the departure of the outlaws. The execution of the young male captive, Richard Parker, was to be postponed until Roche's return, consequently quiet and inactivity prevailed. The warriors lounged idly about their wigwams and slept in the warm sun. Only their squaws were busy, bringing water and fuel and dressing game of the previous day's chase.

But where was Nora Gardeite? where was Gertie, the captive child of the old trapper? and where the child of Clouded Heart?

Ah! see yonder! Out from a neat-looking little lodge floats a being fair as the sun ever shone upon. Her skin is white, but her movements and manners and gaudy, flashing ornaments and clothing, were those of an Indian. But seven years could change the habits of a child into those of an Indian princess. It must be Gertie, the child of Old Optic.

The young princess crossed the opening between the wigwams and the lodge of the chief, and approached the latter structure. At the door she was met by Black Buffalo.

"What does my white daughter want?" he asked. "I see that her face wears a cloud which tells me her heart is sad."

"My heart has always been sad, Black Buffalo," she said. "Ever since I was taken from my poor papa and mamma, I have known no happiness. But I came to intercede for the life of the prisoner yonder" and she pointed toward young Parker's prison-lodge.

The chief's brow clouded, and a grim smile swept over his face.

"Then you love the pale-face prisoner?" he said.

The princess hung her head and blushed scarlet. The chief noted her emotions and continued:

"The pale-face youth shall die. You are to be the wife of the chief, called Roche, when three suns more go down. Waugh!"

The last exclamation was occasioned by the unceremonious intrusion of a figure wrapped in a great blanket, into the sacred precincts of the chief's lodge.

Before the chief could utter a single word, the figure threw aside the blanket, and there, face to face with the great Black Buffalo, stood Hawkeye Harry, the ranger.

The brave youth had come to beard the lion in his den, and before the chief could recover sufficiently from his surprise, a revolver was leveled full at his head, and a firm, decided and unfaltering voice said:

"Utter one word, Black Buffalo, that can be heard outside of this lodge and you shall die!"

The chief fairly staggered backward before the deadly fire of the youth's eyes. His great spirit was quelled by the deadly weapon pointed at his breast, by a hand he knew was never failing.

"What does the pale-face?" the chief began in a low tone, but permitting his voice to grow higher with each word—"want here? Does he—"

"Stop it!" demanded Harry, "not so loud! If by word or action you make my presence in this lodge known, I will shoot you dead!"

The chief was unarmed, and he saw that he was completely in the youth's power. It was over a hundred yards to the *wick-e-ups* of the warriors; the boy stood between him and the door of his own lodge, the flap of which was down; no sudden movement could defeat the youth's purpose, for his dark, gray eyes were fixed, with a steady, unwavering gaze upon his own black, scintillating orbs, and his finger was upon the trigger of the weapon.

"I come," the youth continued, after a moment's hesitation, "for all the captives in your hands."

"Ugh! hain't got any," replied the chief, in English.

"You lie!" exclaimed the youth, "within the last two days you have brought two, a man and a woman, to your den. I want them; also, a captive or two that you have had for years—one named Gertie."

At this juncture a low cry burst from the lips of the Indian princess before him.

"Have you such a captive?" Harry continued.

"She stands before you," said the chief, "but she would rather stay with the red-men than go back to the pale-faces."

The youth glanced at the young princess and saw that she was not an Indian. His heart gave a joyous bound.

"Have you been a captive long, little princess?" he asked.

"Many years," she replied.

"Do you remember what your name is?"

"Oh, yes, sir! it was Gertie—Gertie Gray."

"And would you rather stay with these red-skins?"

"Not if I could go to my papa, or poor mamma."

"You can. Your father awaits you not far away."

"Oh, then I want to go to him! Poor papa, I almost forget how he looks!"

"Then you shall go to him, little princess."

The brow of the chief clouded, and there was a convulsive twitching of the facial muscles, and a heaving of the chest, that told of the terrible emotions of vengeance and fear that were struggling within him.

"I know, chief," continued Harry, "it is a great damper on one's pride and manhood to be caught in such a fix as this. I got into your lodge—walked right through your village wrapped in that blanket; which I took from one of your guards last night when I took his scalp. But, I have come for all the captives in your town, and unless I get them I'll have to die."

"Have only that many captives," said the chief, holding up three fingers.

"Is that so, princess?"

"There are only two captives besides myself," the maiden answered.

"Then I want them," said Hawkeye Harry.

"Black Buffalo will go bring them, then," said the chief, in a tone which our hero did not mistake.

"No, you must not leave this lodge. You might bring a pack of your warriors instead of the prisoners. No, no, chief, you can't catch me that way. Send this princess, and let her bring the captives here. She can tell the warriors that you sent for them. When they are here, then will I remove this revolver from its present dangerous position. Send the princess for the captives."

The face of the chief grew brighter, and Harry knew at once that he was meditating some design to thwart his intentions. Turning to the princess, he said:

"Go, pale rose, and bring the two captives here. Let their hands be bound at their backs. Tell the warriors that I sent you, and for none of them to come until I bid them."

"That'll do, chief," said the daring young ranger, although he fathomed the meaning of the last three words.

With face radiant with joy, the little princess turned and glided from the lodge.

In less than five minutes she returned, followed by Richard Parker and Nora Gardeite. The latter was pale and sad, but when her eyes fell upon Harry, a cry of joy burst from her lips and a light of love beamed in her eyes.

The captives' hands were bound, but, by direction of Harry, they were untied by the princess.

"What is to become of us, anyhow, cousin Nora?" asked Dick Parker.

"Set at liberty," said Hawkeye Harry. "Young man, take that rifle, tomahawk and lance that stand behind the chief, and then, with the princess and Nora, cross the stream to the prairie on the foot-log that spans just south of this log. Go, and be quick!"

At this juncture, a savage yell was heard along the line of wigwams. The warriors had been watching the chief's lodge, their suspicions or curiosity being aroused by the princess leading the two captives to the lodge. And when they saw Parker and the maidens, free and unguarded, moving toward the stream, something of the real truth of affairs flashed upon their minds, and seizing their weapons, they started, with a yell, toward the lodge.

Hawkeye Harry was startled by the yell, and the hellish gleam that was flashed from the eyes of the chief.

"The young pale-face has now got himself into a trap," the chief said, with a fiendish smile.

The youth backed from the lodge; then, turning, fled after the three captives.

With a war-whoop that sounded unearthly, Black Buffalo shot from his lodge and proceeded toward the stream where it was spanned by an uprooted tree.

Before the chief could utter a single word, the figure threw aside the blanket, and there, face to face with the great Black Buffalo, stood Hawkeye Harry, the ranger.

The four whites hurried across the creek on the log, and by command of Hawkeye Harry, threw themselves upon the ground in the tall prairie grass.

The savages swarmed to the creek, and some of them had sprung upon the log to

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## The Man of Many Lives!

In the celebrated Major Max Martin (Henry M. Avery), it may be said that two have a man of many lives, for, as college graduate; Hudson's Bay Fur Company Factor; Free Trapper and Indian-fighter; Chief of the Fierce Teton Sioux; Guide and Train Director; Adventurer in the Lone Wilds of the Sierras, and Traveler in Northern Mexico, he certainly has acted well the part of a half dozen extraordinary men, and yet lives to tell his own story!

This story it is our great pleasure to present to our readers. Secured for our columns exclusively, and prepared with painstaking care, it is

## One of the Most Remarkable Records

ever laid before the readers of popular literature, for it is at once the actual life in the untamed West, in all its phases, an a succession of narratives of danger, trial, trapper life, trail life, camp life, that read like the wildest romance. Then there are superadded a series of chapters descriptive of the mystery of Indians' life—of their customs, habits, superstitions, ceremonies, secret societies, Medicine-men, wigwam and lodge relations, etc., etc.—all literally charged with new and novel information; so that the whole series will assume the guise of history, biography, travel and romance combined!

A schedule-contents of chapters will be given in a coming issue, by which it will be seen that we do not magnify the importance of this contribution to our columns; and that it will measurably add to the keen public interest now taken in our successive issues, we can well assume.

## Our Arm-Chair.

**South-west Outlaws.**—The doings of Borlaase and his band of Prairie Pirates, as described by Capt. Mayne Reid in his SATURDAY JOURNAL romance, *Tracked to Death*, may seem to some readers, not fully conversant with the local history of the South-west, as unnatural and overdrawn; but the frequent stories of murder by such villains as Hildebrand and Sharpe, and the Colorado desperado, "Brick Bison," only show that even to-day a parallel to Borlaase is not wanting.

An incident which occurred in the Indian Territory, Cherokee County, last April, is a case right in point, illustrative of the truthfulness of Capt. Reid's characterizations. The item, as given by the press, read as follows:

"A desperado named Proctor, who had committed several murders, was being tried for one of them, in the court-house containing a number of his friends, who were determined that he should not be convicted. His acquittal being consequently expected, some 100 officers with a posse came outside the building ready to arrest him on another charge as soon as the trial ended. Both parties were armed, and firing at once began, eight of the posse were killed and two wounded, while four of Proctor's party were also killed and seventeen wounded. The uninjured of the posse beat a hasty retreat. In the court-house the sheriff was killed and the judge seriously wounded, and a juror was also killed, the combat, of course, ending the trial. The telegrams reporting the occurrence say, Proctor has committed eighteen murders and is still unhangable. General Sheridan has sent a body of troops to that section to repress disorder in future and drive away the desperadoes who have taken refuge there. Proctor and his friends have left the town and taken refuge in the mountains near by."

After such a record of fact as this it is hardly possible to charge our writers of fiction with exaggeration regarding the lawlessness of the Border, and Captain Reid may stand acquitted of any charge of "overdoing the thing" in his pictures of South-west civilization.

**The New Series.**—Of the promised series of papers by Mr. Avery, and of the author himself, the Warren, (Ill.) *Sentinel* thus speaks:

"We are pleased to see an announcement in the Saturday (N. Y.) *Journal*, of a series of articles from the pen of Henry M. Avery, (Major Max Martin,) under the title of "Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk," relating the personal experiences of Mr. Avery among the Indians of the North-west while a scout in the Government service, a trader and trapper, and as agent for the Hudson Bay Fur Company. The articles, we feel assured, will be presented in an attractive form, while from our personal acquaintance with the author and his MSS. we feel assured that this series of articles will be worthy the attention of the candid and thoughtful mind in description and historical facts, while there will be a vein of humor and yet a chain of thrilling interest in the incidents, anecdotes and hair-breadth escapes which were part of the experience of the author while 'way up there.'

These contributions are worthy of, and will receive, great attention, for they are perfect transcripts of life among the Indians and trappers of "the Plains" and of the North-west Forests. The Major was for three years a sub-chief of the Teton Sioux; was a Free Trapper; was a Hudson's Bay Company Employee; was a Train Guide and Camp Hunter; and on all this wide experience he has drawn for the material for the contributions here referred to. Our columns have been so crowded of late, with pre-announced serials, that we have not yet been able to commence the Major's series, but hope, are long, to start them. They will be illustrated from life designs, and

altogether must prove among the most attractive and useful contributions to the Weekly press that have appeared for years.

**Enterprising.**—A professedly "popular" weekly of this city, claiming a considerable circulation, has obtained much of that circulation by systematically appropriating advertising forms, authors names, etc., of its contemporaries. One of its last dodges is to announce, on its posters, "Mr. Aiken's New Story." As the noted novelist and dramatist, Mr. Albert W. Aiken, writes only for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, it is a happy stroke of underhand policy to make it appear that he writes for the other paper. If the reader is disgusted to find that "Mr. Aiken" is not Albert W. Aiken, why—he pays just six cents for the information. One or two such *sells* we should suppose would suffice; but, apparently, it "pays," else our neighbor would try and strike out a new line of work.

The new story by Mr. Albert W. Aiken, which will soon be ready for the press, is a sequel to his celebrated "Overland Kit"—one of the finest stories of the mines and of wild life ever written. The interest in this mysterious outlaw became so general and widespread that the author was almost constrained to reproduce him in another role and character, which he has done in *ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB*, the *OVERLAND OUTLAW*—a story, in many respects, of unequalled interest and originality—an announcement which we are sure will be received with delight by the reading public.

## WITHOUT HEARTS.

To judge by a few remarks I have recently heard, it would seem that some persons were losing all the heart they once possessed, and that death were not so solemn a personage as he was wont to be.

A lady had lost her son, a fine young man, just at the age of twenty-one. I was thinking what I could say to make her grief less poignant, and almost dreaded to make the call after the funeral.

I found her sad, and I scarcely wished to speak of the loved one so recently placed at rest in his grave, lest I should add more to her weighty grief.

At length I spoke of his noble, many qualities, his unfiring energy and his indomitable will to crush out wrong and oppression.

And dying as he died, just at the time when he might have been of use to me," she added, complainingly.

That selfish speech caused me to look upon the speaker, to see if she really meant what she said. I grieve to say to her grief less poignant, and almost dreaded to make the call after the funeral.

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## ON LEAVING HOME

BY EDWD. JAMESON.

Leaving the home which so long hath befriended,  
Stepping out boldly to meet Life's stern tasks,  
Sally the heart learns, that soon will be ended,  
Ties the fond spirit unceasingly asks.

Asks for the hours, that shall live in remembrance,  
Shows the manly spirit, when all frail decay,  
Filling the soul with a beautiful semblance.

Spotless as yet, from Life's cankerings sway.

Pines the sad soul for the scenes that have overpassed;  
Longingly, where is where its childhood was passed;  
Bridges the Memory's chambers are cherished.

Where sped Youth's May time, unconsciously fast,

Darkling the future conceals its rough path;

Save, where occasional glimpses may lighten,

Only to show us the pitfalls it hath.

Over my senses a halo is stealing,  
Pictured more strongly, the homestead appears;  
Memory, childhood, in me are dwelling,  
Shows the full romance my infantine years.

Ray is the vision, I may not unfold it;

Closely 'twill cling to my footsteps through life,

Evermore dear to my heart will I hold it.

Parted of visions, unsolved by earth's strife.

## A Summer Romance.

BY JENNIE D. BURTON.

A RUSTLE of trailing silken robes, a waft of delicate fragrance, a vision of a fair, proud face and stately form. Ione passed the window where Vesey was lounging, while Earle, with his back to the light, was critically studying one of Claude's landscapes. He turned, but too late to catch any thing but the shadow.

"Who was that?" he asked.

"Miss Dalmere."

"Beautiful Ione?"

"Yes. Who would have thought she could ever have reached such perfection? I can scarcely believe she is the same unformed girl I knew five years ago."

"You amaze me! I can not imagine Miss Dalmere as having been any thing but the personification of loveliness; I did not know that you had ever met before this season."

"Nevertheless I came very near marrying that bit of cool perfection, once upon a time."

Earle's eyes widened, and he twirled a pencil in his fingers rather nervously.

"What prevented?" he asked.

"My own disinclination," returned Vesey, calmly.

"Ray?"

"Fact. I'm quite willing to confess to my folly, though I'm ashamed of it. You see, I was a romantic youth of twenty-one; she just sixteen, tawny as a gipsy, overgrown and undeveloped."

"The match was arranged by an eccentric old uncle of mine, who claimed some remote degree of relationship with her also, and who had as great a propensity for match-making as any zealous stepmother. Ione was fond of me, and I must admit to talking a good deal of nonsense and putting my sea ring on her finger with an air of considerable impressment."

"Ray Vesey stopped to turn the ring which was suspended by his watch chain, with no apparent intention of continuing his information.

"Well?" queried Earle, impatiently.

"Beg pardon! I was studying whether or no to reveal what an incomparable beauty I made of myself. The truth is, I fell a victim to the tender passion myself, and poured all the effervescent transports pertaining to the state of first loveism at the fairy feet of Miss Eustacie Loune—now Mrs. Osprey."

"Ray! what infatuation! Eustacie Osprey is fully ten years older than you; faded, shallow, heartless, a piece of affected vanity."

"This was five years ago, and old Osprey hadn't worried her into the haggard old woman she looks to be now. She hadn't outlived her bedridden then, and I was blind to any fault in her. *La belle* Eustacie smiled sweetly upon me and brought a small tempest down on my devoted head. First, my uncle called me to an account and gave me my choice to solemnly engage myself to Ione, or be disbarred. In my youthful candor and innocence I scorned the base allurement of his solid quarter of a million, and declined to be wielded by such mercenary motives. I apostrophized the powers of faith and love, and very nearly got kicked out of his presence. Next was a scene with Ione, which ended with her flinging my ring at my feet, and sweeping from the room with the air of a scornful princess. I believe that was her first assumption of the dignity she wears so gracefully now."

"My uncle altered his will next day, leaving every thing to Ione, and the fair Eustacie married old Osprey within a fortnight. Little peace she'd had with him, and little enjoyment of his riches, if rumor speaks truly. And—never spoken to Ione since that day we parted. Come along and present me, Earle; like as not she has forgotten my very existence before now."

But Earle dallied over a pencil sketch he was making on the leaf of his memorandum-book, with a single glance askance at Vesey.

"You'll be renewing the old compact soon enough, I dare say" he suggested.

Ray drummed upon the window-sill with his face turned in the shadow, but made no reply. His art friend, with a gesture of impatience, tore the leaf with the unfinished sketch from his book, and crumpling it into a ball, sent it spinning across the floor. Ray possessed himself of it afterward, when he could do so unobserved, and found that the single figure in the foreground wore the features of Ione.

There was the curve of a river which widened into a lake, and a strip of narrow beach where the figure stood, a little boat rocking at her feet. He had caught a glimpse of Ione that morning, in this very position.

Just now the two young men linked arms and went out upon the piazza, the further end of which she had seated herself on the broad, low step.

The proud head bent graciously, and the calm repose of the perfect face was stirred by a drift of radiance as she smiled when the presentation was made in due form, but neither by word or look did she show that Ray Vesey was connected in her mind with any circumstance of her remembered past.

It was a quiet inland resort, this little village where the two met after the lapse of years which stretched between them and the old intercourse.

Vesey had come here for a short respite after a season of hard brainwork; he was a litterateur from necessity as well as inclina-

tion, and as yet had gained neither a great deal of fame nor much pecuniary profit through following the way which is seldom a path of roses to any author. He was awaiting the result of a work on which he hung his best hopes of future success, and had been somewhat restless under the strain of anxiety which made itself more apparent in this season of unwanted inactivity. But, after the advent of Miss Dalmere, he was oppressed by no sense of impatience at the delay. He would willingly have remained in suspense for a longer time than his publishers promised, for the sake of reveling undisturbed in the dreamland where he seemed to have been unconsciously wafted.

This was before the deepest feelings of his strong nature had been stirred. Before he had yielded himself utterly to the power of the girl whom he had once slighted—while the beauty she had developed pleased his eye, and met his appreciation of what was artistic in form, and color, and graceful movement.

A little later came the upheaving of deeper passion, and the agony of doubt.

For Earle, possessed of ample fortune, genial tastes, good address and handsome person, made no secret of his warm admiration for Miss Dalmere.

Earle painted a little for his own amusement, and with some real talent, managed to infuse the tint of life into all his pictures.

So now, when it was rumored that Ione had consented to sit to him, there was a little stir among the city people who had gathered down upon the shore of the pretty lake. That Earle should exert himself in a new undertaking on these breezy summer days, when all the out-door world seemed to two one to lazy contentment, was in itself evidence sufficient of his thorough sincerity.

It was the contemplation of this picture, too, which woke Vesey to sudden comprehension of the shoals and narrows into which the barque of his hopes had drifted. If Ione remembered the relation in which they had once stood to each other, it must be to scorn the weakness which had possessed him. Now she held that quarter-of-a-million in her own right, while he ranked only as one of the countless throng that struggle constantly for the necessities and luxuries of life.

One day he came upon her all alone in a tangled, overgrown old garden, which had charmed him with its aspect of the wildy picturesque.

She had a taste for neutral colors, and her dress this day was of silver-gray silk, with simply a narrow black ribbon encircling her throat. She had broken a trailing length of vine, spangled with star-like blossoms of vivid scarlet, which added just the touch of bright color needed to make the picture perfect.

An impulse irresistible came over him to know if there was any chance of awakening in this vivid vision of womanly loveliness the depth of attachment which he knew had been with the unformed girl of five years before.

"Do you remember how you stood under the drooping ivy vine in the old garden at my uncle's, the night when I put my ring on your hand, Ione? Seeing you here reminds me of that time, but we have both many changes since. Have you forgotten?"

"I never forgot," she answered, quietly.

"Nor forgive?" it was on his lips to ask, while a thrill of bitter pain wracked his passion-struggling heart, but her warning glance checked him in time.

That very day Earle called him into the sky-light room he had fitted for a studio. He had just put the finishing touches to the portrait, and Ione's very self seemed to smile down at them from the canvas.

"Before the day is past, please Heaven, I shall ask her to be mine," said Earle, with more of tender reverence in his tone than Vesey had ever heard from him ere this.

"I was afraid once, Ray, that you might enter the lists against me, and I trembled; I should not have liked to break lances with so formidable an opponent, but, as it is, I am presumptuously hopeful."

So blind was he through all that he never suspected the sting his words inflicted.

And Ray Vesey, with the demon of unrest astir within him, rushed away from familiar sights and sounds to wait until the first throe of his agony should be past.

As the day wore away a sudden black cloud rushed across the zenith. He had not reckoned how the time was flying, and was startled to find how dark it had suddenly grown. It was scarcely more than mid-afternoon even yet, but the air was thick with a murky twilight.

He hastened to retrace his way, but long enough before the hotel was reached, the skies opened to let down the gathered floods in dense, driving sheets. Thunder pealed until the very earth rocked and the quiverings flashed until all the heavens seemed one vast scroll of flame!

Such a violent, short-lived tempest seldom visits our temperate climate. Ray fought his way resolutely through it, and reached the house panting, exhausted.

There was a letter waiting for him—a letter from his publisher, announcing that his book was in type and proofs awaiting him. He set to work at once packing his effects, determined to leave on the first morning train, but, while he was still busy, there came a break in the storm, a gleam of the setting sun, and a timid knock at his door.

He opened to Miss Dalmere!

She was pallid as death and quivering with agitation.

"Mr. Earle went up the river to the little island where we picnicked yesterday," said she, hurriedly. "He has not come back, and his boat has been swept down the current along with great piles of drift. The river is overflowing its banks, and they say the island will be quite submerged. Oh, Ray! what can be done? He will die there unless aid reaches him, for I have heard him say that he can not swim."

Her eyes, suffused with tears, were uplifted imploringly to his. He understood the dangerous position, and with a growing pallor, was resolute as steel.

"Don't fear," said he, quietly. "I will go to his rescue; I will save him, Ione."

And he did it in the face of a hundred dangers where there was one chance of safety for them both.

It was Earle who told how he had walked the bridge of insecute drift, which swayed and heaved beneath the venturesome feet—walked it far out into the swollen river to the swifter current which whirled the *debris* past with dangerous velocity, and here he battled with the stretch of rushing waters with almost superhuman strength.

Earle grew breathless with awe of the

vivid remembrance over the recital, and yet he knew nothing of the fiercer battle Vesey had waged with the temptation which assailed him to let his rival meet his fate—or how noble was the victory gained.

Ione comprehended it, though, but when she would have bestowed her meed of grateful praise, he was already gone from the place.

Two months later, when his book was a decided success, and his fame established, Vesey met Earle in a city club-room.

After commonplace remarks, the latter lowered his tone to say:

"I was presumptuous, Ray; Ione was very kind, but she never cared for me. It was a sore hurt at first, but I'll conquer it in time, I dare say."

The next train took Vesey speeding back to the lake shore, where Miss Dalmere still remained.

It was all well with him at last, although Ione said, with deprecating humility:

"Had you asked me that morning in the garden, Ray, I should have refused you. I never could quite root out the love of those old days, but the bitter resentment rankled too. It was not blotted out until I saw how nobly unselfish you had become when you risked your life to save Earle, whom you thought your rival."

"It was a double risk," he said, with a smile. "But I didn't dream that I had a chance left to gain you, my Ione."

Without Mercy:  
OR,  
THREADS OF PURE GOLD.  
A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "OUT IN THE WORLD,"

"LAURA'S PERIL," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXI.

DESPAIR.

TRACY did not recognize his preserver at first; indeed, not until Rupert mentioned the fact that he was the heir of Holcombe Hall, and was well acquainted with the history of Tracy's expulsion therefrom, did he return the kindly pressure of the hand that Rupert had given him.

"But, my poor fellow, has this thing settled upon your mind so heavy as this?" and he pointed at the river.

"Do you mean my uncle's displeasure?"

"Of course."

"Oh, no, sir; that set me back a bit, but I readily got over that, and was doing grandly, when this thing came to crush out all desire to do, or live."

"What thing?" asked Rupert.

"My wife—my little Dora—was on the Argyle."

"The ship that was lost off the Bahama mas?" ejaculated Rupert.

"Yes; she perished in the wreck; went down among strangers, and found a grave far, far from home and me. Oh, sir! it must be very terrible to die in this way!"

"Yes, very terrible," repeated the young Spaniard; "but there were a number saved, were there not?"

"A boat's crew."

"May she not be among the rescued?"

"No, there is no hope of that. I have seen the persons who were saved: they came up on the Royal George; she is not among them."

He moaned as he said this; but he did not weep—he was beyond that—his grief was too intense, his despair too deep for tears.

Rupert saw this, and approaching him, said kindly:

"Mr. Cuthbert, believe me I feel deeply for you, and would do all in my power to drive this sorrow from you. Can I aid you in any way?"

"No, sir," replied the Englishman, grasping him by the hand again; "my distress is beyond cure, but I'm much obliged for your offer just the same."

"But, do you need money?"

"No, no," interrupted Tracy; "I want only succor from my agony—something to drown all recollection of my loss, and that only death can afford. So good-by, sir,

He made a rush for the river, and ere Rupert could prevent him, he had leaped into the stream.

Quick as thought the young Spaniard jumped into a yawl that, fortunately, was close at hand, and calling to an Italian who was guiding a canoe full of vegetables down the stream, to catch the man whom he saw struggling in the water under his very prow, he put all his strength on one stroke and was alongside the canoe in an instant.

The Italian sprang to obey, and succeeded in catching Tracy by the hair, but he could not hold on, and then Rupert made the startling discovery that Tracy Cuthbert was a maniac.

He was then successful, and, with the aid of the Italian, the would-be suicide was dragged into the yawl, and, by dint of a little rubbing, consciousness came back, but only for a moment, and then Rupert made the startling discovery that Tracy Cuthbert was a maniac.

Having determined on his course of action, he gave the Italian a dollar for his trouble, and told him to run up to the Algeciras ferry landing and order a cab.

The poor fellow did as directed, and in twenty minutes after Tracy was helped into the Montes mansion, where every thing was done that could in anywise contribute to his comfort.

As Rupert had predicted, Hester was glad to minister to Tracy's comfort, and did so with such a hearty good will and sympathetic care, that Rupert was charmed more than ever.

## A CONFESSION.

BY NELLIE B.

Frank, I love you!—dearly, fondly, More words can't express; Those might fit, but tongue might fatter, If my love I would confess.

Life is love—without it, darkness Would overshadow every part; But its rays bring joy and gladness To this true and faithful heart.

Then come to me, through joy and sadness, Summer heat or Winter rain, You can bring me comfort and gladness Pure, unalloyed with woes or pain.

## Caught in Silken Toils.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A VERY elegant breakfast parlor it was, that of the Westcliffs; and this morning of which I write, it looked, if such a thing were possible, more thoroughly comfortable than usual.

To be sure, the contrast between the driving storm of sleet without, and the warm, delicately-perfumed air within, between the utter cheerlessness of the icy-clad avenue, and the perfect home-cheeriness that pervaded the large, lofty apartment, might account for it; and young Earle Westcliff, as he sauntered leisurely in, as the cuckoo sung out nine o'clock, yawned most appreciatively over the glowing, crackling anthracite.

"I'm a little late this morning, I see. Have you been waiting, mother?"

It was a pleasant, finely-modulated voice that matched well with Earle Westcliff's handsome face and graceful figure. As he spoke, Mrs. Westcliff arose from a low *fauveuil* by the fireside; a large, fair woman, in a sweeping black cashmere morning-robe; with a fair, blonde complexion, light crepe hair, and cold, steely eyes.

Not a whit like her son in manners or appearance; only a cold-hearted, high-headed woman, whose money and position alone took her where Earle Westcliff's sunny temper and winsome sweetness would have made him welcome.

"Late? Yes, you are seven minutes after time. I suppose, however, I should have looked *out* this tardiness, considering the nature of the service we agreed to finally settle this morning."

She held her Lady Elgin in her hand while she spoke; then, with a slow, almost severe gesture, snapped the case, and returned it to her belt.

A light cloud shadowed Earle's face for a moment.

"I wish I could forget it. Shall we discuss these broiled quail first? or the question of my marriage?"

He essayed to laugh, as he drew a chair for his mother.

"I hardly think Miss Paxton would feel honored by your remark, Earle. The lady I wish you to regard as the future Mrs. Westcliff..."

"Then I am to understand your views are unalterable, mother? Pardon me for interrupting, but I am sorry you will not listen to any of my objections."

Earle spoke bitterly, yet very courteous-ly, and Mrs. Westcliff went on, more coldly still.

"You know the provisions of your father's will, as well as I do; and I presume Miss Jessie Paxton has been taught to regard *her* parents' wishes in this affair. I am unfortunate, indeed, in that I possess for my son the only one who wishes to set aside a dying man's latest request."

And Mrs. Westcliff's wide-bordered lawn mouchoir, that had been dangling from her jet bracelet by its massive ebony holder, was gracefully pressed against her eyes.

Earle bit his lip in momentary anger; then, by a great effort, cleared his brow and essayed to feel, as he certainly did not, at his ease.

He had been used to such scenes with his mother, as long as he could remember; when she, with a sort of icy tyranny compelled him to yield acquiescence to her wishes.

Now, to be sure, when he was twenty-six, it seemed ridiculous that he was not free to marry whom he pleased. In a measure he was free, perfectly free; then, if he used his own discretion, and did not unite his fortune with Jessie Paxton, all his share of his father's abundance was to be with-held.

He never had seen Jessie Paxton, nor she him; but they were to meet now, and that was why the question of the marriage was to be settled at once. For Jessie's mother had telegraphed to Earle's mother for Earle to bring Jessie.

Now, when the ice was finally broken between the two, mother and son, and the question settled, as it seemed, they both ate their breakfast in thoughtful silence. Then, with a pleasant "Good-morning," Earle went out from the room.

The storm was still driving against the windows as furiously as ever, but Earle did not regard it; as he went up the avenue, and only buttoned his fur-lined collar higher around his neck.

The telegraph office was not far, and his dispatch to Mrs. Paxton soon sent. Then he went home, and sought his mother at once.

"I think it best to tell you at once what I have done, and what I propose doing. I can't allow myself to take for my wife this young lady I never have seen, consequently neither know nor care for. I have telegraphed, Mrs. Paxton, that I am sorry I must be so disconcerted, but I can not bring Miss Jessie here under the supposition that she is to be my wife. I am going away—to Cuba, I think—"

Then Mrs. Westcliff slowly gathered her sweeping skirt in one hand, and, in what she intended to be the awfulest, iciest displeasure, strode from the room, speechless.

And Earle, wounded by her unsympathetic coldness, walked straight to the office and bought a ticket, *not* for a passage to Cuba, but for the West.

It was a quiet, ugly little town where the express halted for five minutes' refreshments; and Earle Westcliff, as he stretched in his seat, wondered if aught could be less pleasurable than a ride in the cars on a raw, gusty winter day.

There wasn't a single pretty woman in the cars. One or two elderly married ones, each with a restless baby, and a number of plain, country-folk looking people occupied the car. Earle had his seat to himself, half of which he occupied, the other half being unlawfully piled with a robe and a small Russia leather valise, both bearing his full name in staring white letters.

Discontented, and almost miserable, Earle sat ungracefully back in one corner, with his hat jammed over his eyes; then, of a sudden, he found himself listening to the sweetest voice he ever had heard in his life.

"Oh, thank you, Conductor Elverson! This seat will do nicely, if the gentleman will kindly remove his baggage."

Wouldn't Earle remove his baggage? and didn't he, with wonderful alacrity? And then she sat down beside him, that sweet-voiced girl, with the tiny, dimpled mouth and tiny, milk-white teeth.

Earle could have told you in less than five minutes how deeply blue her long-lashed eyes were, and how her purple black hair rippled and waved as it floated unconfined over her shoulders.

He was a connoisseur, too, in regard to ladies' toilets, and a glance sufficed him to discover that she wore a dainty lace-trimmed black Cashmere dress, with the most exquisite silk polonaise; that her gloves were Alexandres, four buttons, and certainly No. 6s.

Altogether, Earle found her to be the prettiest, most charming girl he ever had seen; so vivacious, yet so thoroughly modest and ladylike.

Then, very naturally, he grew to wondering what those initials on her handkerchief stood for—"C. N." Finally, when they had talked themselves into very good friends, he ventured to ask her.

She laughed and blushed.

"'N' is for Nelson—not so beautiful a name as your own, Mr. Westcliff," and she pointed to his satchel.

"Allow me to hope the owner of the name you admire will find equal favor with you, Miss Nelson, and if it is not asking too much, may I offer my services as far as we travel together? Are you bound through to New York?"

"Clear through, and alone, although Conductor Elverson kindly takes charge of me so far as he goes. I was determined to come, you see, Mr. Westcliff, although my cavalier refused to escort me, at the last minute, and my trunks packed, too."

She laughed so daintily, and looked so coquettishly at Earle, that he would willingly have offered to punch that derelict fellow's head. What a fool any man was who would not go through fire and water to serve so fair a girl!

"So I came myself, you see, *minus* that all-important adjunct to travel."

So he would have company all the way to New York—seven hours ride yet—and his heart bounded with the delightful prospect. He actually wondered if he was in love with this strange girl, this Miss Nelson? How curious were Cupid's freaks; what strange havoc the little god did make! Why could he not have thus loved Jessie Paxton, whom everybody was so anxious he should love? Instead, he momentarily felt convinced that Miss Nelson was the sweetest, most charming girl he ever had seen. Such a delicious ride as that was; how perfectly changed was the gloomy, dusty, gusty day; how daintily Miss Nelson's fingers toyed with the home-made sponge-cake in her satchel, and how he devoured the piece she laughingly offered him—he, Earl Westcliff, the aristocratic!

But all good times have an end; so had those seven hours; and when Earl had escorted her to the Hoffman House, and begged to be allowed to call on her at her friend's residence, he felt that his destiny was at stake.

He did not go straight home; in truth, he had no disposition to see his severe lady mother, and tell her he did not go to Cuba after all, but that he had found his future wife, if he could win Miss Nelson.

But, after a bath, and a change of toilet, and a good dinner at Delmonico's—and how such things do affect the men!—Earle concluded he would go home, and set about his love business in a serious manner.

He had been used to such scenes with his mother, as long as he could remember; when she, with a sort of icy tyranny compelled him to yield acquiescence to her wishes.

Now, to be sure, when he was twenty-six, it seemed ridiculous that he was not free to marry whom he pleased. In a measure he was free, perfectly free; then, if he used his own discretion, and did not unite his fortune with Jessie Paxton, all his share of his father's abundance was to be withheld.

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But Earle was surprised; surprised almost out of his customary courtly grace.

"But I thought you said you were Miss Nelson—"

She laughingly interrupted him.

"No, I did not say so. I said 'C. N.' meant Carrie Nelson—my sister who is married, you know, and one of whose handkerchiefs I had with me, by mistake."

"You needn't be surprised; it is really I—and Jessie Paxton came forward, gracefully. 'I came from the Hoffman House quicker than you did, that's all!'

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# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

whether you are the person or not," the old savant said.

"You really wish to see my face?" Coralie asked, slowly.

"Yes, for in your face I shall be sure to trace the resemblance of the child I once loved as if she were my own daughter, if you are indeed the same, and something within whispers me that you are."

Coralie hesitated for a moment; she did not know how to act. Van Rensselaer had pointed the tall stranger out to her as the old friend of his father—the subject of the wager which he wished her help to win. If she yielded to Van Rensselaer's request, she would be able to discover whether she was the child spoken of by the stranger or not.

"If I am the child, grown to womanhood, what would be my age now?" Coralie asked, breaking the silence.

The old man thought for a moment, calculating the time that had elapsed, then spoke.

"Twenty-five," he answered.

Coralie started in amazement. The old man had named her very age.

Hartright noticed the movement.

"Is that your age?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And you are an orphan?"

"Yes."

"And have been so since your childhood?"

"Yes."

"Father and mother you have never known?"

"Never," the girl replied, sadly.

"I am sure that you are the one I seek!" the old man said, in a tone of firm conviction.

"Perhaps so; and yet it hardly seems possible that fate could have thus strangely brought us together after so many years of separation," Coralie said, doubtfully.

"Fortune is strangely capricious sometimes," he answered. "But I pray you yield to my request. You are the child I seek, I am sure. Every word you speak strengthens me in my conviction."

"Let me speak a moment to the gentleman who is with me, and then I will decide," the girl said, suddenly, after a long pause.

"I shall wait your decision with great impatience," the old man said, earnestly. "In a few minutes you shall have my answer."

Coralie advanced toward Van Rensselaer; he, perceiving her movement, left Bishop and came to her.

"I see that you have commenced operations," he said, laughing; "have you decided then to act as my ally in this jest?"

"Not yet decided," she said, doubtfully. "I am not sure that I fully understand the part which you wish me to play."

"Why, it is simple enough. The wager is to induce the old gentleman to leave this ball-room and go to the house of a friend of mine, there to drink a glass of wine. That wins the wager. If you only think of some jesting device to induce him to go with you, I will be in the carriage of course, so that there will be no impropriety."

"The device is already at hand," the girl said, slowly.

"Indeed!" Van Rensselaer was astonished.

"The old gentleman overheard me speaking to you as we passed him sometime ago in the ball-room; he fancied from the tones of my voice that in former days he knew me, and he wishes to see my face, so as to satisfy himself whether his guess is true or false."

"Excellent!" Van Rensselaer exclaimed; "fortune aids us; no need to puzzle our wits here. Tell the old gentleman that you will remove your mask and let him see your face if he will leave the ball-room and come with us. Explain that it is only to the house of a friend of mine."

"I do not know whether to consent or not," the girl said, doubtfully.

"Why, Coralie, haven't you any womanly curiosity?" asked Van Rensselaer, in astonishment. "Haven't you really a desire to know whether this old gentleman is right or wrong in his surmise?"

"Yes, the temptation is a very great one," Coralie said, slowly.

"Yield to it then; who knows but what he may be able to reveal to you something of great importance?" Van Rensselaer said, hesitatingly.

"I will go," the girl said, decidedly.

"Good; our coach is all ready."

"I will tell the old gentleman."

Coralie returned to the old savant.

"Let me venture to hope that you have decided to grant my request?" Hartright said, earnestly.

"Yes, but on one condition."

"I accept, no matter what the condition is," the savant exclaimed, hastily.

"Oh, it is a very simple one; only to leave this room and come with me—or with us, I should have said, for the gentleman, my escort, will go with us."

"I accept the condition, and the sooner we depart the better. I feel certain that you are the one whom I seek."

"You shall soon know the truth."

Coralie beckoned, and Van Rensselaer approached. Disguised as he was, he had little fear of being recognized by the old man; so that in the future, when they should meet, his part in the present transaction would be unknown.

"We are ready," Coralie said.

Van Rensselaer did not speak, only bowed and led the way to the door. Coralie and Hartright followed, while Bishop brought up the rear.

"I suppose that there will be no objection to my friend accompanying us?" the old gentleman said, referring to Bishop.

"None in the least," the girl answered.

In a few words the savant explained to Bishop whether he was going, and his object, and requested his company, to which Bishop of course assented.

The four left the ball-room and passed into the entry.

Hardly had they passed through the door, when two men, without disguises of any kind, but in plain, dark clothes, only wearing black masks over their faces, detached themselves from the crowd and followed the little party of four.

Down through the passage-way into the street they followed, removing the masks from their faces as they emerged into the open air.

The four were just getting into a carriage.

The two men paused on the steps, until the carriage drove off.

"What's our game now?" asked the taller of the two, who, as the light from the gas-lights fall upon his face, we recognize as Joe Oward.

"Trump their trick," replied the other, laconically. "It was the California detective, Bright, who spoke."

"You mean, follow 'em?"

"No; I mean to get ahead of them."

Then the detective drew a little whistle and blew a shrill note upon it.

In a second or so covered buggy, which had been standing on the other side of the street, drew up in front of the Academy.

A bright-looking negro drove the buggy.

"Now, jump in, Joe!" cried Bright, springing into the carriage, and taking the reins from the driver's hands.

Oward got in at once.

"Wait at the stable, Ned," the detective said to the boy.

"You know where to go?" Oward asked, in astonishment.

"Yes, to the worst hole in all big New York, John Allen's dance house in Water street. Get up!"

And away they went.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 119.)

## The Hidden Treasure.

BY C. D. CLARK.

In the flush of a beautiful day in June a young girl was seen riding rapidly through a belt of timber, apparently in great haste. Her eyes wandered from side to side, as she rode, as if fearing danger; and indeed there was good cause, for this was the day of Tory ascendancy in the Carolinas, and the country swarmed with predatory bands, who did not know the name of mercy as applied to a Whig, were it man or woman.

The girl rode gracefully and well, sitting erect in her saddle, and controlling the motions of her spirited steed with the hand of a master.

"Steady, Nemo," she said, as the brave black swerved a little. "There is nothing to fear."

Even as she spoke, the bushes parted and three men sprang suddenly forth, one of whom caught her horse by the bridle and brought him to a stand. Both were clad in the green uniform of the Royalist rifles, and one wore the insignia of a captain.

"You must excuse us, Miss Emily," said the captain, removing his cap even while holding the bridle, "but the exigencies of the service compel us to do many things which we would not do willingly. You are suspected of conveying a message from the rebel General Greene to Sumter, and you must submit to a search."

The lady looked about her in alarm. The woods were open, but they were manifestly safe from interruption. She saw that there was nothing for her but submission, and she quietly inclined her head.

"Denial upon my part would be useless, and I will not attempt it. Where will you take me, Captain Baird?"

"To my mother's house, Emily. You know that I would not willingly do any thing to offend you, but my duty is plain."

"No doubt, captain. I do not blame you, but on the contrary, I thank you for performing your duty in so delicate a manner. I assure you that you will find nothing upon my person."

"I would take your word as far as I am concerned, but, as a mere form, and in order to report to my superiors that I have done my duty, I will have my mother search you. It is known that Greene took refuge at your house yesterday, and that shortly after you mounted, crossed the Wateree at the Camden Ferry, and you are now on a direct course for Sumter's camp."

"I will yield to it then; who knows but that he may be able to reveal to you something of great importance?" Van Rensselaer said, hesitatingly.

"That is the first time you have spoken kindly to me for over a year, Emily Gage," he said. "You know that I love you, and you hate me."

"No, Robert; I do not hate you, but the cause in which you are engaged. You are joined with the hirslings of tyranny to beat down the arms of your neighbors, and to aid in riveting the chains of oppression upon them. While you uphold such a cause you can not expect love from Emily Gage."

"I do not know whether to consent or not," the girl said, doubtfully.

"Why, Coralie, haven't you any womanly curiosity?" asked Van Rensselaer, in astonishment. "Haven't you really a desire to know whether this old gentleman is right or wrong in his surmise?"

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house of Gage was in ruins, and the old man barely escaped with his life. His slaves, stock, every thing of value, had been swept away, but the celebrated plate and jewelry of the family, a fortune alone, was not to be found.

Robert Baird was not satisfied. If he could make them utter beggars, his revenge would be complete, but, while they had this rich property hidden, they could laugh at him. He swore that he would give them no rest until the plate and jewels were in his hands.

The Gage family had removed to one of the negro huts after the retreat of the Loyal Scout. They knew that they were not safe, for the Scout yet haunted the swamp, and might at any moment break out upon them. Baird had sent them a message that he would give them no rest until he had humbled the pride of Emily, and had made her repent her scorn of him.

The change in their fortunes was a great one. From the grand old mansion, now in ruins, to the lowly negro-quarters was a great fall, but the sturdy spirit of the gallant old Whig enabled him to bear it.

"Greene will soon drive the Englishmen out of the High Hills," he said, "and when that is done, we will again build up the old house."

"Have you the means, dear father?" said Emily.

"Means? The rascals think they have stripped me bare, but I have enough for my use whenever I need it."

"Is it hidden?"

"Safe; where Baird and his thieves can never find it. Ha! I thought I heard a noise. Run to the door and look out, Emily."

She obeyed, but no one was in sight. The old man was ill at ease, and went out into the night, and looked carefully about. He knew that Baird could be an unrelenting foe, and that in his wild way he loved Emily, and hated all who aspired to her. There had been a time, before the war, when a union between the families of Baird and Gage had been seriously thought of, but the sides had taken in this contest had made that impossible, although Robert had clung to the hope of one day winning Emily, until he knew that the young Whig, Rant, had taken his place in the shanty.

"I am sure that you are the one I seek!" the old man said, in a tone of firm conviction.

"Perhaps so; and yet it hardly seems possible that fate could have thus strangely brought us together after so many years of separation," Coralie said, doubtfully.

"Fortune is strangely capricious sometimes," he answered. "But I pray you yield to my request. You are the child I seek, I am sure. Every word you speak strengthens me in my conviction."

"Let me speak a moment to the gentleman who is with me, and then I will decide," the girl said, suddenly, after a long pause.

"I shall wait your decision with great impatience," the old man said, earnestly. "In a few minutes you shall have my answer."

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"Not yet decided," she said, doubtfully. "I am not sure that I fully understand the part which you wish me to play."

"Why, it is simple enough. The wager is to induce the old gentleman to leave

## MY BEAUTY

BY GEORGE.

At morn, at noon, she trod the lane,  
At night the meadows bore her home;  
Among the daisies soft she moved,  
While shone the round sun o'er her head;  
And when the evening quiet came,  
I watched her with my longing bums,  
Pass 'neath the growing lumber.  
Ah! I was young, and older she,  
But age I little thought of;  
Where admiration strongly rules,  
We think a few years naught of;  
She said, "I must be mine,  
I only in the place  
Gave her adoration,  
And called her movements grace.  
How dainty was her every step!  
How gently did she move!  
I saw a beauty in her pace  
That moved my heart to love;  
Her kindly eyes, like fairy dream,  
Her smile, like the bright sun,  
And oh! their sad expression  
Whispered of angel-birth!  
Weeks, months fled by: one sunny day  
I called her all my own,  
And with my arm around her neck,  
I led her to some home.  
The gentle, close one led her through  
A gloomy bower,  
And now she came behind:  
But here she ran against the post—  
Ye gods! the mare was blind!

The Main Truck.  
A SAILOR'S STORY.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

To while away the time when one is weary of monotony, what will not man do? He'll peril his life against all the beasts of the field and the monsters of the deep, and, failing those, will risk life and limb to exhibit the strength God gave him to use for good, in some foolhardy piece of daring for fools to gape at.

You know, boys, that when we're young we're full of strength, and most of us fond of gymnastic feats. The desire for such is a wise gift implanted in us to encourage us to exercise, for without exercise the muscles become soft and flabby, and we are unable to defend ourselves in times of danger. Moreover, exercise is the first necessity of health, and without the one we lose the other.

But exercise, like other good things, may be carried to excess, and a man too vain of bodily prowess very often comes to grief, besides involving others in danger, and may come to owe his life to those he despises as weaker than himself.

I've been a sailor all my life and therefore used to hard work, peril, and trials of nerve; but I never could see the sense of risking life and limb to gain empty applause, and I'll tell you a story that will show you how the smartest gymnast may attempt too much.

A good many years ago I commanded the clipper ship *Typhoon*, in the trade from New York to China. One summer we had made a splendid voyage, without striking skysails or sternsails all the way from New York to the Cape, and we were bowing across the Indian Ocean, a thousand miles east of the Mauritius, before we met any heavy weather.

I had a number of passengers aboard, and several ladies, who found the time pass pretty slowly, but they were all easy to manage except one party. This was composed of three young men—two of them brothers, and sons of the head of our house, Grant, Perkins and Company. The two young Grants, like many other rich men's sons, were very conceited—the more, perhaps, because they'd never done a stroke of work in their lives—and they were always up to some mischief or other, till once I had to threaten to put them in irons, if they didn't obey the rules of the ship.

After that they left off sky-larking, but turned sulky and made a good many dinners uncomfortable by covert sneers which one couldn't resent.

Their companion was an army officer, on a year's leave of the name of Ramsey, a noble young fellow as ever I saw, but full of high spirits. He was a man of very great personal strength and agility, and could beat any sailor in the ship climbing.

You must know that it's an old sea custom that the first time a landsman goes up the rigging, any of the sailors can go after him, and if they can catch him they can tie him there unless he "pays his footing," as they term it. But none of our fellows could catch Ramsey. I have known him scamper up the shrouds like a monkey and defy them all to catch him, when the whole ship's company would come swarming after him. He went up the mizzen-mast one time, and they thought they had him sure, but the active fellow, seeing that every back-stay was occupied by the enemy, slid down the mizzen royal stay to the main, and then up again, down the main royal stay to the foretop gallant cross-trees, and so down the jib-stay to the end of the jib-boom, and ran in, laughing.

The two Grants were always setting Ramsey up to mischief of some kind, and especially when the ladies were on deck. A sneer at his not daring to do such and such a thing would always send Ramsey to do it. One day, however, they pressed him too far, and the result was I had to stop all sky-larking in the rigging.

It had begun to blow a pretty stiff breeze at last, rapidly becoming a gale, when we had to send down our sternsails and skysails, and it was as much as the ship would bear to keep her royal spread. We were all gathered on the poop-deck, when Charley Grant, the elder of my two pets, observed: "Say, Captain Coffin, do you think you've got a man who dare to go up above the royal yards to-day?"

"Any one in the ship would, if I ordered him, young gentleman," I said. "But I would only send old sailors to-day. It takes a man who knows how to hold on to fur-royals on a day like this."

"Bah, captain," said Tom Grant, the other brother, sneeringly. "It's not half as bad as you make out. There's Ramsey, who never was at sea in his life, and I'll bet he can go up to the main truck in a twinkling, leaving alone a breeze like this."

"You sailors are a set of old grannies, anyhow," chimed in Charley. "I'll bet Ramsey can go to the main truck to-day."

"Indeed, and Ramsey isn't going to break his neck for you," retorted the young officer, laughing good-naturedly.

"I'm tired of fooling about the rigging, to amuse you lazy people down on deck."

"Quite right, Mr. Ramsey," said I, warmly. "You're a splendid gymnast, for nothing. When I send the men up, it's on duty, and if they lose their lives, it can't be helped."

"Bah!" sneered ill-conditioned Tom. "Ramsey's turning prudent!"

"Well, suppose I am? Isn't it time?" asked Ramsey.

"Too prudent by half," said Charley.

"He doesn't go."

"I dare go anywhere," said Ramsey, flushing; "but I don't care to go. Go you."

"I'm not a famous gymnast," said Charley, sneering. "I see you're only a fine-weather one, too, for all your blowing."

"Well, you see, words went on, till young Ramsey was fool enough to declare that not only would he go up to the royals, but that he would ship up the skypoles above, perfectly bare of rigging as they were, and take a seat on the main truck. I knew him to be a perfect gymnast, or I would have ordered him not to do it; but I never thought that he would go higher than the royals, for the vessel was pitching and tossing so, that I expected he would see the impossibility of thefeat when he got to the royal yard.

Well, to make a long story short, Ramsey threw off his coat and began to ascend the weather rigging, several of the ladies clapping their hands to encourage him, while only one was silent. This was Miss Emily Perkins, daughter of one of our house, who was going to Canton to see her father. I noticed that she was very pale, as he went higher, and two or three times I was on the point of calling Mr. Ramsey back; but he seemed to go up so confidently that I lost much of my own fears.

In fact, so long as a man is in the rigging, it is easier work to climb at sea than when lying still in port, for the vessel being always keeled over on one tack or the other, the weather rigging always offers an easy slope.

So that Ramsey's task was easy enough till he got to the cross-trees. After that

there are no ratlines in most vessels, so that a man has to ship up the ropes; and besides that, the masts were swaying about in dizzy circles, the wind seeming to increase every moment. Before Ramsey got to the main royal yard, away went his hat to leeward, into the sea, amid the ironical cheers of the whole ship's company, who were clustered

in all my journeys—and they were frequently long, tedious, and sometimes dangerous—Willoughby accompanied me, and after a while he came to be just as well known, and fully as much respected in the circuit, as I was myself.

"There comes Willoughby and the Judge," used to be the remark as we would ride into town; and I sometimes thought the sly fellow hugely enjoyed the manner in which we were classified.

"We were both getting well on in years when I came to this place to live.

"I had long had my eye upon the farm, liking the location, the surrounding scenery, the river, and that wild range of hills that you see looming up across yonder; though, I think, if I had known what those same hills contained, the kind of fruit they bore, if I may use such an expression, I don't believe I'd have been so eager to settle down in such close proximity.

"For the very first Willoughby regarded those hills with a suspicious eye, and when on several occasions, while hunting

## Recollections of the West.

## Old Willoughby and the Robbers.

BY CAPT. BRUNI ADAMS.

necessary in regulating our movements during the day.

"Any unusual commotion or haste would certainly betray the fact that we knew of the contemplated attack, and as I wished, above all things, to give these fellows a good, lasting lesson, this was to be avoided as much as possible.

"Three of the steadiest and most trusted of the men were sent in as many different directions to inform the neighbors of what was on hand, while Willoughby and myself looked after getting the house in order to receive our nocturnal visitors, and also to load and 'fix up' generally such arms as were about the place.

"There were two double-barrels, an old flint-locked musket, a pair of heavy 'horse' pistols, and my favorite rifle; a pretty good arsenal for an emergency.

"Shortly after dark my friends began to drop in, one at a time, and from different directions, so as to avoid notice.

"When all were assembled, at between nine and ten o'clock, I counted, or 'reviewed' the army, and found it to consist of five able-bodied men, each bearing his own rifle, besides myself, Willoughby and half a dozen of the hands.

"More than enough," I mentally exclaimed, as I ran my eye over the assemblage, but I did not then know the kind of men with whom we were to come in conflict.

"Eleven, twelve, and one o'clock passed, and there had as yet been no signs of the enemy.

"I have neglected to state what manner of castle it was that we were collected to defend, and as it is necessary for the full understanding of what transpired that I should do so, I must ask your patience a moment.

"My house was what is known as a double log-cabin, different, however, from the generality of such in the fact that it was two and a half stories high, and unusually high stories at that.

"Tall ceilings, plenty of ventilation, etc., were my hobby, and in building I had given free scope to it.

"Through the center of the building ran a wide hall, at each end of which swing large, heavy folding-doors, the only en-

"I forgot to mention that once, during the fiercest part of the attack upon the door, a sudden scuffling of feet, and what appeared to be a fall, was heard overhead, but every one supposing that it was some one else of our party watching from the upper windows, took no heed of the incident.

"In fifteen minutes the robbers were again ready for assault, this time to make it by means of fire.

"They had gone off to the barn, dragged out a large wagon from its shed, and having loaded this with dry hay from the loft, were pushing it toward the house.

"Their intention was only too evident.

"Sheltered by the mass of hay, they could with impunity advance it near enough to the house, in fact, against it, so that when it was fired, the building would be certain to catch.

"We used our guns pretty lively, you may rest assured, but still the wagon and its combustible load advanced steadily, and ere long a loud bang, accompanied by a jar, told us that the firebrand was in position.

"A bright light flashed up as one of the villains struck his tinder, when, suddenly, a loud, clear voice rung out, coming from somewhere up above:

"Stop dar! You jes' set dat hay afire, an' by de Lordy, I'll fling him into it!"

"A loud shout of surprise, or rather dismay, from the party outside followed these words, that I knew could have been uttered only by Willoughby, and anxious to know what it was he was threatening them with, I ran up-stairs to the second floor, and failing to find the faithful fellow there, I continued on up to the garret.

"At the further end of the long, low apartment I saw the figure of a man darkening the window, beyond which the ruddy glare of the now brightly-burning torch below could be seen.

"As I drew near, I saw it was Willoughby, and, moreover, that he held, half-out of the narrow aperture, the struggling form of a man, who, on further inspection, I saw was securely bound. At the same instant I heard the exclamation, 'It is the capt'in, by—'

"'Yes, it am, an' des' sartin as you fires dat hay, I'll drap him onto it!' shouted back Willoughby.

"How in the name of wonder did you get that man?" I asked.

"He done clomb up heah, Mass' Harrison, an' I jes' grab him an' trow de lad'er down," was the reply.

"Such had been the case.

"Willoughby had heard them with the ladder, at the end of the building, and slipping off, he went up to intercept them at the attic window.

"The result was as he had stated, and only one who had entered was the captain of the band. The falling of the ladder was considered accidental, and until Willoughby appeared at the window with his captive, the robbers had thought that he was safe inside, planning or working a way by which they might enter.

"Well, this finished up the matter.

"Of course the captain forbade any further attack, stipulating that he would order his men off, and promising never to attack me again, if he were permitted to go free. We could do nothing else, and finally it was agreed that we should hold him until morning, while his men should withdraw immediately.

"This was done, and at daylight the fellow was turned loose, and he struck out for the hills without waste of time, I assure you.

"Singular to say, he kept his word, and I was never again molested by them."

Beat Time's Notes.

## THE NEW CURE.

DR. APOTHECARY'S renowned Extract will accomplish every thing from the raising of the dead to the removing of dandruff. People must not confound it with other humbugs if they confound it at all.

It is good for all complaints. A correspondent of the *Bunglow Roarer* writes that he has suffered for years from his wife's complaints of having to wear old dresses so long, etc., two bottles of it had the effect of making her perfectly contented with her old dresses, and added fifty subscribers to their paper list.

A man who had the bronchitis in the ankle and the red swelling on the nose, said that he had tried many doctors, as he thought a small bill with a good many doctors was better than a good many bills with one doctor, but got no relief until he took the Extract.

Another writes that he has taken the Extract for the last seven years—in all, about a barrel of it—and was effectually relieved of a corn. And another thing of trifling consequence in this case is that the man is seven years older than he was when he began taking it.

An auctioneer hastens to say that he couldn't lie down at night for three years; now he lies all the time.

No family should be without. A Royal Arch Mason and Bricklayer writes that he has kept house with it and one old, table for several years.

One young lady went off in the first stages of consumption; she afterward took one bottle of the Extract and was able to walk back, and is now open for engagements as champion eaters.

Another writes that he has taken the Extract for the last seven years—in all, about a barrel of it—and was effectually relieved of a corn. And another thing of trifling consequence in this case is that the man is seven years older than he was when he began taking it.

A farmer states that his son got very bad—in fact, he was the worst boy he ever saw; his language also got very low. The Extract was applied to his back and rubbed in with a cow-hide. The boy improves.

An engineer had the affection of the brain for many years. It gave him constant pain. One bottle of the Extract removed the brain, and he is now able to run for Congress.

One man states that he couldn't eat more than four solid meals, with lunches, a day; nor sleep more than all night and part of the afternoon; one bottle restored him.

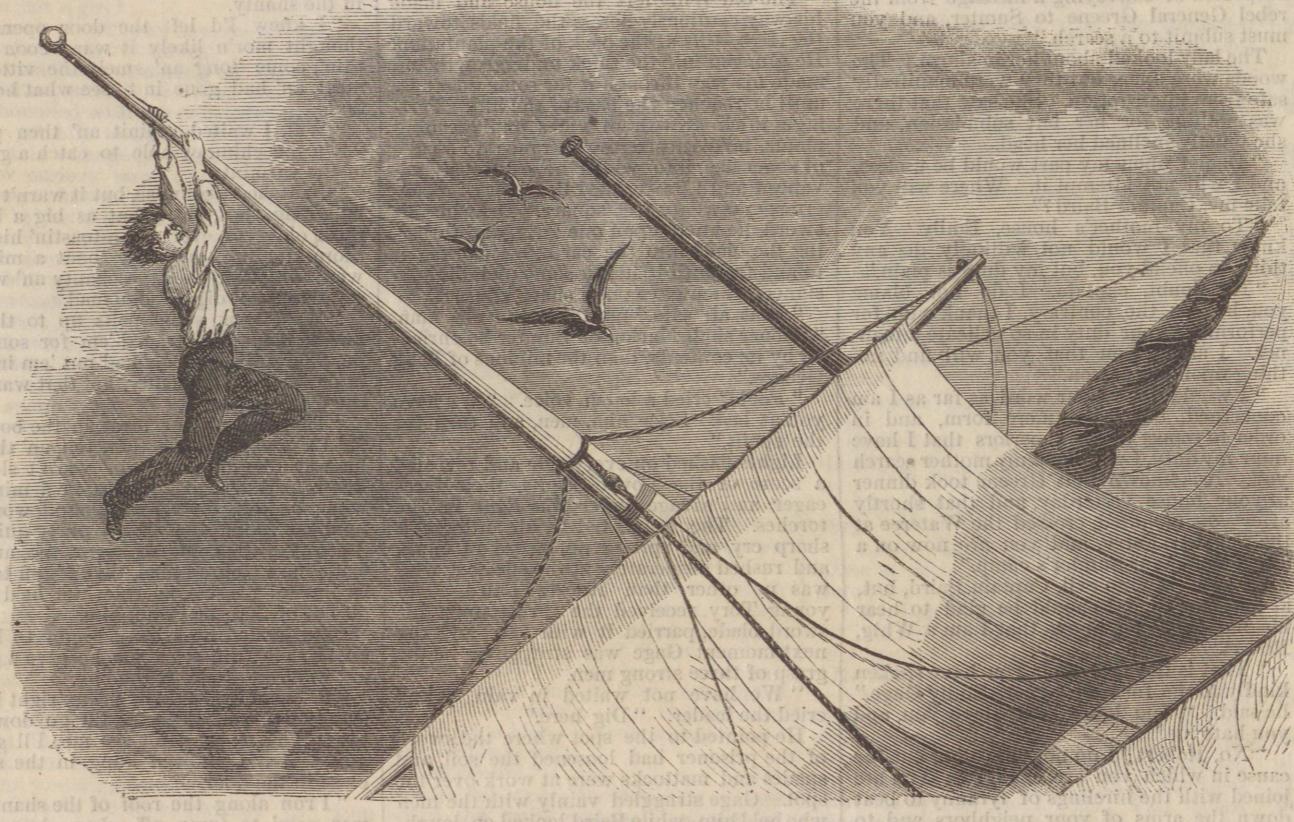
It gave an entire new constitution to one of the Southern States.

Five bottles in a package. You can take it in broken or unbroken doses—that is, with or without breaking the package. You go to the forks of the road and look at the guide-board for directions.

Two barrels of it have been known to remove a pimplle on the nose.

No money required until the medicine is bought.

BEAT TIME, Agent.



THE MAIN TRUCK.

on them, he had met strange, rough-looking men, always armed to the teeth, prowling about; he declared that there was danger lurking, and that some morning we would all get up with our throats cut or the house burning overhead.

"This led me to inquire, and I found that he at least had some ground for his fears.

"Like all of his race, Willoughby was fond—I may use a stronger term and say passionately devoted—to the pursuit of the possum, and in season there was scarcely ever a favorable night that did not find him and his well-trained dog, Furi, out in the forest, trailling and treeing that much sought for and highly prized animal.

"Early one morning I was awakened by a soft knock at my chamber door, and Willoughby, with the burrs still clinging to his linsey-wooleys, and a face upon which rested a mysterious expression, entered.

"He was a man of great strength and agility, and could beat any sailor in the ship climbing.

"While resting in a dark ravine, to give the dog an opportunity of ranging the immediate neighborhood, he heard the sound of voices close at hand, and cautiously creeping in the direction indicated, he came upon a camp of half a dozen individuals, clustered around some smoldering brands that lay in the mouth of a small cave, or hole, in the side of a hill.

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